

## Somniloquy by dustyirish

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Canonical Character Death, Grief/Mourning, Multi

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**Characters:** Barbara Holland (mentions), Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

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**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 634

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**Summary:**

One night Steve hears more than he bargained for. Or, just maybe, part of him has known all along.

# Somniloquy

## Author's Note:

Short and sad, at least towards the end.

Also, I realized that there was already a lovely fic on this site called 'Talking In Your Sleep', so I had to go with the fancy term instead. Hence the pretentious-sounding title.

*When I hold you in my arms at night  
don't you know you're sleeping in the spotlight  
and all your dreams that you keep inside  
you're telling me the secrets that you just can't hide*

~ *Romantics*

Nancy was sleeping, head pillowed on Steve's chest, one leg bent up and snuggled over his hip.

He was just watching her, in the moonlight from her window.

He used to be the one to conk out first, often inappropriately soon. But lately, something had shifted. This had become the place where Steve found his peace.

He leaned in, barely brushing the top of her head with his nose, breathing in the scent of her hair.

She groaned softly and nudged him with her thigh. "C'mon, touch

me."

From her tone, Steve could tell she was clearly still asleep. And most definitely aroused. He perked up at the possibilities and brushed his fingers through her hair.

Nancy continued. "Please? You can pretend I'm Tom Selleck."

Steve goggled in surprise for a second and then lost it. Laughter pealed out into the dark bedroom. Steve knew he needed to keep it down, but he was also helpless to contain it.

The motion woke Nancy, who peered up at him blearily, scowling. "Huh? What happened?"

"Hell of an invitation, Nance," he wheezed, and laughed even harder.

She pushed herself up onto her elbows. "Shhhh! My parents will hear you!"

"Sorry to say, the moustache just doesn't do it for me, babe." He was almost crying by now.

Nancy rolled off of him completely and flipped on the bedside lamp then turned back to him with a harsh whisper. "Steve, what is wrong with you? Did you smoke something?"

"Nothing's wrong with *me*. I'm not the one who wants me to bang Magnum P.I.!"

A look crossed Nancy's face, something Steve had never seen before. It was a weird mix of embarrassment and grief.

His laughter cut off abruptly as it dawned on him.

"You weren't talking to me, were you?" he asked softly.

She lay back on her pillow, covering her face with her hands.

He gently removed them then leaned down and kissed her forehead. "Hey. What is it? Tell me."

"Me and Barb ..."

Steve stayed quiet and waited to see if she'd go on. After a deep sigh, she did.

"It was just teenage girl stuff, really. You know? We'd be in bed - a lot like this, actually." She let out a strange little laugh that had no humor in it, then continued. "And sometimes we'd pretend. I know it sounds weird, but we'd each pretend the other was somebody we liked - a *guy* we liked. I guess it was ... experimentation, whatever. We'd kiss. Sometimes ... other stuff."

Steve couldn't deny it - there was a time when this admission (never mind that Barb hadn't exactly been his cup of tea and that the poor girl was now dead) would have gotten him all hot and bothered. But he wasn't that asshole anymore. Now, he only felt sympathy. And like a shithead for laughing.

Nancy's eyes filled with tears. "I just ... God, sometimes I just miss her so much."

He knew he shouldn't say it. It most likely would only bring Nancy more pain. In the end he said it anyway, pulling her close. "Babe, I'm not so sure she was pretending."

It was just one small sob, and she reined it in quickly, but it nearly broke Steve's heart.

"Were you always pretending?" he asked gently.

She didn't say anything, but the way she hitched in a breath and her silence was answer enough.

"Nance, it's okay that you loved her."

"But it's not okay that I never told her, Steve!" she cried, clutching him tightly, hot tears soaking his chest. "Oh, god, it's not okay at all."